




[filtered/friends] There was supposed to be an earth- shattering kaboom



standuponit
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<https://standuponit.livejournal.com/2009-02-06> 12:25:00

MOOD: 😞 tired

MUSIC: Matt Nathanson - Come On Get Higher

I found another yoga class to go to (in addition to the t'ai chi and the Sunday yoga class, which I keep thinking I should drop, because it pretty much is a big hole in my weekend, except the instructor is *that hot* and I think I get to stop weekly PT fairly soon) very early Friday mornings before work. It's interesting, because my Sunday class is Bikram influenced power yoga (it's in a hot room, yay!) and it's all about warrior poses and headstands and building strength and flexibility. But what I didn't realize about the Friday class is that it's at the extreme end of ashtanga vinyasa yoga, and it's *all* flow. The instructor is the antithesis of the tiny little Chinese triathlete drill sergeant I have on Sundays: she's big and chunky, early thirties, a pale-skinned blonde with a cute Pulp Fiction belly that sneaks out under her top when she stretches up into a standing backbend, and she's all about micromovements and standing twists and flow.

(Fitday way undercharges for yoga, by the way. I've started calling it calisthenics, vigorous, just so I'm not shorting myself six hundred calories on yoga days.)

And she ended the class with five minutes of dancing, before savasana and an om. Dancing to Alien Ant Farm's "Smooth Criminal." I think I'm in less-than-three.

But that's not the interesting thing. The interesting thing is that because of the micromovements and the shoulder rolls, I got further into downward facing dog than I ever have before, and even got my left arm totally straight, which I haven't been able to do since I got hurt. And then she had us roll our elbows in and slide our shoulderblades down our backs, and there was this *pop*.

Like a balloon. She looked over to see if I was okay, I swear. (I stand out. There's only one other guy in the class, and he's *good*. And it was loud.)

But it didn't hurt, except for a split second. In fact, it felt better than it has since it got dislocated, and all of a sudden I had all this range of motion back.

Anyway, the story doesn't end there, because she wanted me to drop out of the pose, and then when I insisted I was fine she wanted me to take my shirt off so she could check for swelling and heat. O.o (Harpy, I bet you a dime she's a paramedic. I've seen that look on *your* face.)

So, um. I took my shirt off. Hiked it up, anyway. With the *entire class staring at me*.

And she didn't freak out. Asked how old the scars were, was all. Poked at me a bit and told me, okay, it was probably a great big adhesion popping and I could finish the class but if it hurt *at all* I was to drop out and go to a doctor. This is only the second time since June that somebody who's not a health care professional has seen my back, and I expected... I dunno. I expected her to fuss. Or faint dead away. Or something.

It was all very anticlimactic.

It's like six hours later, and I just stopped freaking out and trembling like a skinny wet dog enough to talk about it.

And by the way, the thirteenth doughnut? *Totally mine*.

TAGS: the new normal



This looks like a good idea.
...

This.
...

Little guy's not bad.
Gotta teach RHex to smear.




 [dichroic](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:32:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My crystal ball says that next you will be developing a crush on this yoga teacher, because competence is hot.




 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:37:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

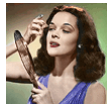
Your crystal ball is so behind the times. =8=>




 [dichroic](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:42:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's running slow today ... or I am.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:44:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

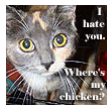
Yah, does FitDay have a calorie count for crushing? Because it's your constant base-level activity, like breathing. =:+D



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[February 6 2009, 17:48:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Lifestyle: "Strenuous activity."



 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:49:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

crushes




 [trollicatz](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:40:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hah! TOTALLY ex-EMT or emergency room staff. We recognize our tribe, we do, even secondhand!

And I love the way you relate to your yoga teachers as hawt grrrls. It makes me want to hug you at work. *g*




 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:48:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I was so not permitted to argue. Not even permitted to think about arguing. Thinking about arguing is thoughtcrime.

Hug me? But they are hawt grrrls. I know I'm not supposed to notice, but it's not like the noticing just turns off. (Why aren't all straight men in yoga classes? They're totally full of hawt grrrls. Carpeted with hawt grrrls. Why didn't anybody tell me this years ago?)



 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:55:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...not that I object to Harpy hugs! I'm just not following the motivation.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:52:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Because you're consistent in a totally adorable way. *g*



 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:57:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I thought lusting after women one knows in a professional capacity was Inappropriate Patriarchal Male Behavior, and I was supposed to be embarrassed about it.

...Now it's cute? *score*



[fidelioscabinet](#)

[February 6 2009, 19:16:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It may well be the combination of lusting + embarrassment that's so cute. Because many guys who lust are so *not* cute about it. You know what I mean, too. You know these guys, and you have shaken your head (at least internally) and said "Not cool, man," even if it was not out loud.

And congratulations on losing an adhesion--my mother has vivid memories of losing a whole bunch all at once several months after a rotator cuff tear she didn't realize was a rotator cuff tear, on account of she's old and didn't use her full shoulder range of motion all that much anyway. She says the pain was about what you'd expect--but the noise, the noise...



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[February 6 2009, 19:24:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sure. Well, it's not like she's *there* to be lusted at, so I try not to be obvious about it. Being lusted at by me is not what she gets paid for.

Nobody wants to be That Guy. Well, except maybe That Guy. And he doesn't care that he's not cool.

It was a really *spectacular* noise. No, louder.



[fidelioscabinet](#)

[February 6 2009, 20:59:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, Mama said she heard it for weeks in her head afterwards, always with cold chills down her spine, except that in her case it was a series of pops--sort of like firecrackers--small ones, in her case, since she didn't have an actual dislocation to get over.


We took shameless advantage of this to convince her that she needed to quit moving furniture around by herself, since she was almost 80 at the time and all.



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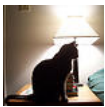
[February 6 2009, 21:34:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I did the series of pops thing a couple of times last year. Like bubble wrap. I begin to think there are always more pops. Also like bubble wrap.

 [eljefe](#)

[February 8 2009, 01:46:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I make snap crackle and pop constantly, but my range of motion wasn't particularly restricted. For me it's probably something bad, but I am ignoring it so it cant be. *grin*




 [txanne](#)

[February 6 2009, 23:14:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

There's lusting, and then there's OMG-you're-competent-and-therefore-hawt. Only the first one leaves slimy eyeball tracks.



 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 23:18:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh.

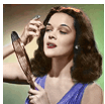
Okay, now I get it.



 [dichroic](#)

[February 7 2009, 00:48:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Though actually even OMG-you're-competent-and-therefore-hawt-and-also-I-like-how-you-look is OK, as long as you only *do* anything about it if it seems welcome.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[February 6 2009, 17:42:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I knew it--I knew as soon as I read that last line that, while I was reading this, you were taking advantage of my distraction to ooze your newly-flexible self into the kitchen and grab the doughnut. You SUUUUUUUUUUCK!

But I'm still paying for your beer tonight after work. <3

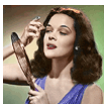


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[February 6 2009, 17:50:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

OMG beer. What a great idea! I'm *sure* I need a muscle relaxant....

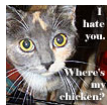
It was a good doughnut, too.



[Ometotchtli](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:53:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

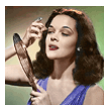
pouts



[standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:58:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

aiieee! Not the POUT!



[Ometotchtli](#)

[February 6 2009, 20:00:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My dad used to say, "If you stick your lip out like that, a little bird's going to come along and perch on it." (Yes, he said "perch." Don't make fun of my dad.)

I didn't want to be a piker. So I practiced. Now an entire *flock* can perch on my lower lip.

[elisem](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:09:24 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Useful!

(That's the highest praise those of my tribe can give.)



[standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:32:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It is very good praise. Thank you.



[themaskmaker](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:14:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The Thirteenth Doughnut should be the name of your new yoga-dance troupe. Full of hawt grrrls, and you. (You totally know that Riverdance guy is thrilled with his job.)



[standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:33:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

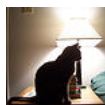
I should have thought of that years ago, too.



[trollcatz](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:55:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Then he'll publish The Thirteenth Doughnut Cookbook...




[txanne](#)

[February 6 2009, 18:57:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Go you and your crushes! Have you asked her out yet?

Also, wow, I miss yoga. I wonder if there's a class around here.



 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 19:00:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I just met her this morning!

I bet there is. There are six thousand here.



 [txanne](#)

[February 6 2009, 23:11:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

So, strike while the iron is hot! :-D

Where you live > where I live. OTOH, I just discovered a fantastic vegan place. So if there's a vegan place, there might be enough hippies to keep a yoga place open.



 [dichroic](#)

[February 7 2009, 00:50:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My *mom's* been doing yoga. At the Jewish Community Center. Also my MIL, in small-town Oregon. I think it's gone mainstream.

 [beatriceeagle](#)

[February 6 2009, 22:47:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You know, why *doesn't* anyone tell you things like the fact that there are hot girls in yoga classes? That is useful information!



 [standuponit](#)

[February 6 2009, 22:49:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

psst. Yoga classes? FULL of hot girls. So are martial arts classes.

Just so you know.

 [beatriceeagle](#)

[February 6 2009, 22:56:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Damn! I totally dropped out of tae kwon do too soon.

Thank you for the life lesson.



 [calanthe_b](#)


[February 7 2009, 02:18:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's all good news. Especially about getting more flexibility!

And she ended the class with five minutes of dancing, before savasana and an om. Dancing to Alien Ant Farm's "Smooth Criminal."

Heh. The teacher of my Intermediate class gets us *bellydancing* to 'Smooth Criminal' on a regular basis! D'you think she and your instructor may be secret twins?



 standuponit

February 7 2009, 02:23:23 UTC COLLAPSE

Maybe they're the same person? Maybe they're a superhero! Have you ever seen them on the same continent?



 calanthe-b

February 7 2009, 05:53:49 UTC COLLAPSE

But which one is the mild-mannered cover identity, and which one has the superpowers?

Have you ever seen them on the same continent?

Of course not. Her super power is teleporting!



 eljefe

February 8 2009, 01:47:16 UTC COLLAPSE

signs up for a yoga class

This looks like a
good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not
bad.

Gotta teach RHex
to smear.